THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XL.

"The dog-star rages, nay, 'tis past a doubt,
"All Bedlam, and Parnassus is let out."

POPE.

The sprightly lady, who sends me the ensuing epistle, is, unquestionably, a descendant from her merry namesake in SHAKESPEARE. Her satire is always smiling, and a vein of good humour runs through her raillery. I received her letter, just as I was lounging over one of the mince-pies of the season, and my correspondent, alluding to the [illegible] customs, on the most festal day in the [illegible]ar, appropriately calls her literary gift "a *Christmas box* for Mr. Saunter."

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Alas! Mr. Saunter, was not the poignancy of your satire sufficient to reclaim us, that you have let loose a pack of wits and witlings, in full cry. Indeed, indeed, you must not expect we will, any longer, bear the daring, and outrageous attacks, that are, so repeatedly, made upon our sex. Have a care how you, and your Listless deputy, tap us on the *elbows;* you may chance to get a rap over the knuckles by some of our spirited damsels, for such insolent temerity.

Your own invention, fertile as it is, could not furnish gall sufficient, but you must call in that old, cross-grain'd genius *Burton* to your aid.—If you mean to continue your *elegant extracts* from that author, heaven help our patience, as one half the pages of his work consists of severe philippics against women, gathered from all the musty scribblers, since the flood.

Your new correspondent, Sobersides, appears to be a pretty comical old gentleman, with a head filled with "various witty conceits" well adapted "to the furtherance" of your arduous undertaking. "Painted faces, and white-washed necks!" pray, Mr. Saunter, where do you meet with such a number of the "pretty dears? I am sure, in genteel society, it is very rare to see a lady painted; that odious practice being as loudly deprecated, by our sex, as yours.

As to "transparent muslins," I fear we must plead guilty; too many of our young ladies expose their health, as well as their persons, by their cloathing, and provoke a just censure. But that wanton prodigality of manners, which is ascribed to them is to my malicious, and unfounded.

The extremes of fashion should always be avoided; but what age, or nation, have escaped that error? The wry necked Court of Alexander the Great, are striking examples of the force of fashion; and, I have no doubt, but many a wise head was [illegible]ted, to accommodate itself to a custom, [illegible] natural imperfection, in the form of Philip.

I could adduce numerous instances to prove your sex, equally culpable with ours, in becoming abject slaves to custom. I dare swear, at this moment, that you are admonishing us of our follies, your coat is *diamond* backed, with a stuffed collar up to the ears; a waistcoat, not more than a span long, fastened by a *single* button; your hair, standing in every direction, but that which Nature would have it, with shoes, (which, some short time since, were sharp enough to put a *flie's eye out*) must now be as squaretoed, as your great-grandfather's gouty slippers.

I would advise you, good Mr. Saunter, to be a little more cautious in your animadversions upon the ladies, for you have been almost as indiscriminate, in your censures, as the *Interesting Dutch traveller*, who asserts that *all* the Americans are *Cannibals; all* drink *sixty* glasses of wine *daily;* and *all* the waters, in America, are unwholesome; that *all* the people, in Pennsylvania, die of pleurisies; *all* have fainting fits; are *all* subject to violent fevers, which are *always* cured with *peppermint drops;* and he got *all* his information from another thick headed Dutchman, like himself.—So don't think to recline yourself in your easy chair, and depend upon that little mongrel, Lewis Listless, *to fetch and carry* for you.

"I see you *all* are bent
To set against us for your merriment,
If you were civil, and, knew courtesy,
You would not do us thus much injury.
Can you not hate us, as we know you do,
But must join insolence, and mock us too?
If you are men, as men you are, in show,
You would not use us, gentle ladies, so."

BEATRICE.

December 25, 1802.

The conductor of a periodical essay has an office, similar to that of a Commentator upon the Classics. Though the text be perfectly luminous, notes must be appended, because the trade of bookmaking, and the imperious mandate of custom, require the superfluous toil. I shall, therefore, add a word or two, however impertinent, by way of postscript to the letter of the lively "Beatrice." I am sorry that this gay lady feels any resentment towards the primitive BURTON, who was as good humoured a mope, as ever looked at women, through the obscurity of a cloister. At one time of his life, it is true, he had the misfortune to be "*old*," but he was never more "*cross-grain'd*," than the polished mahogany desk, on which I indite my lucubrations. If he ever published any thing to the prejudice of amiable woman, he was only a *reporter*. His spleen, like many of his sentences, was quoted. He had no native malice, or uncharitableness. His invective may be frequent, but it is factitious; his benevolence and good humour are his genuine property, and he appears to have an ample stock of furniture, so valuable.

My new correspondent, Sobersides, is, I confess, a little crusty. I suppose he has been wounded by some elbow, either acute, or round, and that his irritation, from the blow, has caused an acid temper to sprinkle a little verjuice over his animadversions. In justice, however, to Mr. Sobersides, I must add, that I firmly believe he has a great regard for the *whole body* of women, though he may indulge his petulance, at the expense of a *sharp angle* in their persons, or character.

The subject of "*transparent muslins*," my cheerful correspondent wisely avoids. They will not bear much handling. I have felt it, to be so, a thousand times. I will not look any further into the subject. But leave so *thin* a theme, to be blamed by the pure, and the precise, and to be blessed—by the *physician*.

The *retort courteous* against the eccentricities of *male* attire, is perfectly fair; and Beatrice, with much elegance, truth, and humour, derides the Gothic drapery of the gentlemen. This enormity has not escaped me, and I am determined to issue an edict against the brevity of the modish vest, the clumsiness of *Chinese* shoes, and the savage wildness of cropped hair. I have a mortal aversion to this last peculiarity, because, as I am descended from a family of *cavaliers*, I naturally detest a *round-head*, which reminds me of those execrable epochs in history, when *sans culotte* sedition, and stupid fanaticism, have defaced, and degraded the nations. It is with shame and sorrow, I add, that my own hair is cut so close, to relieve me from the cruel head achs, incident to a studious life, that many short sighted gazers have mistaken me for a Jacobin of 1794, or a Puritan, whining in enmity to an organ.

My deputy, Mr. Listless, has it in charge to chalk every "diamond back" he discovers glittering in High street. If a coat collar be too prodigally stuffed, he may rip it open, and send the surplus Cotton to any spinning Jenny, in this manufacturing metropolis. If the aforesaid collar rise over the ears, Listless will see that it be reduced to the modest standard of the Quaker. Square shoes shall be sent to Peale's Museum, and [illegible]staffs, with one button, are, forthwith, forfeited to Mr. Toby Queer, the *odd fish*.

I am grieved to be censured, by Beatrice, for want of discrimination; for those, who know me best, are pleased to say, that to discriminate carefully, is, not only my duty, but my delight. I am outrageous at being compared to that churlish Bulow, who fables, and exaggerates, like a Gulliver, but without his wit. I leave him, and all his austerity, to the reproach of my correspondent; but, I trust, she will, on further reflection, perceive that there is no resemblance, between me, and a *Dutchman*. I am a volatile, tittering, easy fellow, as ever toiled on a sofa, or chatted, indolently, at the fire-side. When Beatrice honours me with a visit, in my new house, on the summit of Imagination, directly opposite a splendid row of *air* castles, she will find my true motto, engraven in gold letters, over the portal,

"Here nought but *Candour* reigns, indulgent *Ease*,
Good natured *Lounging*, *Sauntering up and down:*
They, who are pleas'd themselves, will always please;
On other ways they never squint a frown.
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd, and sweeten'd, by the *social sense*,
For Interest, Envy, Pride, and Strife, are banish'd hence."

THOMSON.

POLITICS.

ESSAY VI.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

It cannot certainly be denied that this deserves the appellation of a revolution, in the utmost extent of the term; it is a total change in the government, the religion, the laws, the manners, the character.....nay, the very language of the nation. There is not in the whole country an individual whose situation is not changed by it; and a nation that had been long looked up to as the model of politeness, elegance, and urbanity, is, in the course of three years, transformed into a horde of ferocious savages, a banditti of atheistical cannibals.

What was called the revolution in England, was, in effect, the change of the sovereign only, to prevent a revolution in our religion and government, and to confirm to us that constitution which we claimed as our birth-right. Such a revolution (if it may be so called) by the restoration of the ancient constitution of France, in the periodical Assembly of the Three Estates, might have been obtained without even the change of the sovereign; (when their king himself, in all the pomp of royalty, went to their assembly, to press upon them the voluntary offer of it;) in conformity to the wishes of his people, expressed in those instructions which each deputy, at his election, had bound himself by oath to carry into effect as far as it was practicable. Such a revolution would indeed have made them not only a happy and a free people, but would have established their power upon such a basis as might have rendered that empire formidable to all the world.

But this great and inoffensive revolution, neither suited the interested ambition of turbulent leaders, nor the heated imagination of philosophical fanatics. The minds of Frenchmen run always beyond the mark, and sober truth has no charms for them. It was necessary that they should surpass every thing that had ever gone before them; and an assembly of cwates and attornies looked down with contempt o the wisdom of past ages, and the race was r amongst the demagogues, which could run farthest in exaggeration and extravagance in the wildest schemes of innovation.

The two great engines to enforce this system of perfect *liberty* were, *fraud* and *terror*....From the first hour that the revolt broke out at Paris, to the present hour, corruption was employed to hire men to seduce the minds of the public; on the one hand, by every species of calumny; of falsehoods, however improbable; of promises, however impracticable to realize: and, on the other hand, to impress terror on their feelings, by every atrocious cruelty that could deter them from expressing their disapprobation of these excesses. At this moment, it is impossible to form a judgment upon the real sentiments of the public of France. The noise of the factious, with their hireling orators and writers, and the violence of the assassin-troops, that are ready, in the ment, to sacrifice every man who presumes to utter a complaint or a regret, must necessarily give the appearance to the whole nation of being united in one system as friends to the revolution;....but in this land of freedom, how many unhappy families are grieving in secret, at the tyranny that oppresses them, and the complicated ruin that it has brought upon them, may be more easily imagined than computed.

By the sudden suppression of monasteries in the country, and the demolition of all those residences of the gentry, which dispensed hospitality amongst their neighbours, the poor have been, at once, deed of every succour that formerly relieved their The numerous dependents of great famithrown into indigence upon the public; he towns and cities, those who supported by supplying the wants and luxuries of without employment. The rage of tments, primary assemblies, and municipalities, has drawn off the bourgeoise from the care of their private concerns. The want of demand, and of consumption, stops the loom....the want of credit, and of specie, makes all commerce languish. The price of every thing is augmented, in proportion as the means of buying are diminished. The man who cultivates the ground is obliged alone to sell his produce cheap, or fire and sword is the menace; whilst that, which he is to purchase for his family in return, is doubled and trebled in value. The merchant is obliged to receive a piece of paper at its nominal value, but when he settles his account with his foreign correspondent he must reckon his assignat but at half its value, and pay, consequently, twice as much as he received. In the mean time the public debt is risen out of all possibility of being funded, and bankruptcy, which, by the low value of assignats, in which demands on government are paid, has already taken place, so as to pay only ten shillings in the pound, is inevitable as to the remainder, though the immense confiscation of the estates of the clergy, the domains of the crown, in a great degree all the property of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, has been thrown into the common mass of prodigal profusion in the price of the revolution.

Who then has received benefit by all these convulsions, that have been inflicted upon so many individuals, and brought a great empire to anarchy and bankruptcy? Is there one class of the community that is more flourishing, more secure, more happy in any one respect than before the beginning of these troubles? Is there a man in France whose person is at this moment protected from violence? Have not the chief movers of the revolution, in the beginning, been already victims to the fury of those who supplanted them, and either been cut to pieces by assassins, or driven out of the country with the loss of all their property? Are not the prisons every day crouded upon the slightest suspicion? And is it not in the power of any jacobin mob to exercise their cruelty upon the prisoners, whenever they are pleased to exert the rights of a free people, by sacrificing hecatombs of these devoted wretches to their fury, without trial?

Ruined in their property....trembling for their lives....without commerce, credit, specie; without laws, without confidence in each other; what must become of the inhabitants of France? Every power in Europe is openly hostile to them, or silently struck with abhorence at their wickedness. Their armies are ready to turn against their leaders, and their government is at once weak in its executive power, and expensive in its administration. This is a faithful picture of the French revolution; a revolution that, if it is not subdued by foreign force, seems to threaten calamity to all Europe by its pernicious example; which, notwithstanding the miseries that attend it, as a warning to all lovers of peace and order, can never fail to have charms in the eyes of those who have every thing to gain by civil confusion, and nothing to lose. A revolution that offers impunity to the most ferocious acts, and to the wildest speculation; a revolution that affords to every bad man a scope of his ambition; and a revolution to be dreaded only by those who have the feelings of humanity, the interest of property, and the sagacity to distinguish between what constitutes true political happiness, and the fallacious pretences of the deluders of the people to their ruin.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

It has often been remarked and regretted, that the ardour of youth declines in maturer years; and that, as the ruddy taper wastes, while it flares in the wind, the most glowing benevolence grows chill, when rudely exposed to the tempests of this bleak world. This is the miserable lot of humanity. In the morning of life, exalted on some *Pisgah* of Hope, every thing, to the juvenile gazer, seems like a promised land, bright with eternal sunshine, and copious of amaranthine flowers. But when we descend from the eminence of false Expectation, and mingle with mere mortals below, we are then *disenchanted*; and sorrowing experience convinces us of the truth of the following history of human nature.

In the spring of youth, the blood flowing freely through the veins, we are flushed with health and confidence; hope is young and ardent, our desires are unsated, and whatever we see, has the grace of novelty; we are the more disposed to be good natured, because we are pleased; pleased, because universally well received. Wherever we cast our eyes, we see some face of friendship, and love, and gratulation. All nature smiles around. Now, the most amiable tempers spring up. The soil suits, and the climate favours them. They appear to shoot forth vigorously, and blossom in gay luxuriance. To the superficial eye all is fair and flourishing, we exult in the radiance of summer, and anticipate the abundant fruits of autumn. But, by and by, the sun scorches, the frost nips, the winds rise, the rains descend; our golden dreams are blasted, and fond expectation is no more. Let it be supposed, that our youthful efforts have been successful; and we rise to wealth or eminence. A kind, flexible temper, and popular manners, have produced, in us, as they are too apt, a youth of easy, social dissipation, and unproductive idleness; and we are overtaken, too late, by the consciousness of having wasted that time, which cannot be recalled, and those opportunities, which we cannot no over. We sink into disregard, and obscurity, there being a call for qualities of more energy, indolent good nature must recede. We are thrust out of notice, by accident or misfortune. We are left behind by those, with whom we started on equal terms, and who, originally, perhaps, having less pretensions, and fewer advantages, have greatly outstripped us in the race of honour: and their having reached the goal before us, is often the more galling, because it appears to us, and perhaps with reason, to have been chiefly owing to a generous, easy, good natured humour, on our part, which disposed us to allow them, at first, to pass by us without jealousy, and led us to give place, without a struggle, to their more lofty pretensions. Thus we suffered them quietly to occupy a station, to which originally we had as fair a claim as they; but this station being once tamely surrendered, we have forfeited it forever. Meanwhile, our awkward and vain endeavours to recover it, while they shew that we want self-knowledge and composure in our riper years, as much as in our younger we had been destitute of exertion, serve only to make inferiority more manifest, and to bring our discontent into the fuller notice of an ill natured world.

It may be sufficient to have hinted at a few of the vicissitudes of advancing life; let the reader's own mind fill up the catalogue. Now the bosom is no longer cheerful and placid; and if the countenance preserve its exterior character, this is no longer the honest expression of the heart. Shame secretly clouds, and remorse begins to sting, and suspicion to corrode, and jealousy to embitter, and frustrated pursuits sour and irritate the temper. Personal experience of the selfishness of mankind, damps the generous warmth and kind affections; reproving the prompt sensibility, and unsuspecting simplicity of our earlier years. Above all, ingratitude sickens the heart, and chills and thins the very life-blood of benevolence, till, at length, our youthful Nero, soft and susceptible, becomes a hard and cruel tyrant; and our youthful Timon, the gay, the generous, the beneficent, is changed into a cold sour, silent misanthrope.

The following article deserves preservation miscellany, because it is a just tribute to the

spirit, and the fair dealing of a singularly ingenious bookseller, who will be remembered, as long as the works of Swift, Addison and Pope are perused. Nor is the existence of such a character as JACOB TONSON, confined to Great Britain. In America, we have more than one Trypho and Cadell. Though we too are cursed with the mere pedlars and pirates of literature; with shuffling scoundrels, like Bernard Lintot, and *chaste* Curl, whose memory, damned in the "Dunciad,"

"Stinks in the nose of all succeeding times."

yet I add, with pleasure, that I know more than one bookseller, who, the lowly state of letters in America, considered, can judge like a critic, and appreciate with liberality.

MR. JACOB TONSON was a man, whose zeal for the improvement of English literature, and whose liberality to men of learning, gave him a just title to all the honours, which men of learning can bestow. To suppose that a person, employed in an extensive trade, lived in a state of indifference to loss and gain, would be to conceive a character, incredible and romantic; but it may be justly said of Mr. Tonson, that he had enlarged his mind beyond all solicitude about petty losses, and refined it from the desire of unreasonable profit. He was willing to admit those, with whom he contracted, to the just advantage of their own labours; and had never learned to consider the author, as an under agent to the bookseller. The wealth, which he inherited, or acquired, he enjoyed, like a man, conscious of the dignity of a profession, subservient to learning. His domestic life was elegant, and his charity was like [illegible]. His manners were soft, and his conversation delicate. He was the last commercial name of a family, which will be long remembered; and if HORACE thought it not improper to convey the SOSII to posterity, if rhetoric suffered no dishonour from Quintilian's dedication to Trypho, let it not be thought we disgrace SHAKSPEARE, by appending to his works the name of TONSON.

—

Of Anthony, marquis of Fenelon, uncle to the eloquent author of Telemachus, the great Condé used to declare that he was equally conspicuous in conversation, in a campaign, and in the cabinet.

—

The powers of burlesque, sarcasm and wit, have never ceased to assail the eccentric LEWIS, since the first publication of his voluptuous "Monk." What stile of ballad, which he affects, is finely ridiculed by a foreign sneerer, whose ludicrous verses have just come to my hands.

THE OLD HAG IN A RED CLOAK.

A ROMANCE.

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GRIM WHITE WOMAN.

Mat Lewis was little, Mat Lewis was young,
The words they lisp'd prettily over his tongue;
A spy-glass he us'd, for he could not well see,
A spy-glass he us'd, for near-sighted was he.

With his spy-glass once spying, in Parliament-street,
He chanc'd an old Hag in a Red Cloak to meet:
When the Hag in a Red Cloak, thus awfully said,
"Pray give me a six-pence, to buy me some bread."

"No six-pence I give thee, to buy thee some bread."
To the Hag in the Red Cloak, Mat feelingly said;
Then down to the House, in a huff strutted he,
Sure all the world knows little Mat's an M. P.

But as onward he strutted, and push'd through the crowd.
The Hag in the Red Cloak still curs'd him aloud.
Strange words of mysterious intent struck his ear,
And could he be frighten'd, he'd then have known fear.

Though cold be thy heart, and thy feelings as cold,
Though bold be thy mien, and thy language as bold;
Ere the clock of St. Giles's is heard to strike one
A deed to confound thee, a deed shall be done.

She spoke, and she vanish'd at once from his sight,
Like cellar, as [illegible] the darkness of night:
[illegible], this horrible strain
[illegible]currence, o'er Mat's tortur'd brain.

From the House, about twelve, to his home he repairs,
To creak seem'd the doors, and to crack seem'd the stairs,
He put out the candle, his cloaths off he threw,
When St. Giles's struck one! and the doors open flew.

The Hag in a Red Cloak, from Parliament street,
The Hag in a Red Cloak, whom Mat chanc'd to meet;
The Hag in a Red Cloak, who once to him said.
"Pray give a six-pence to buy me some bread,"

By a sort of a blue and a glimmering light,
Rode quite round his bedstead, and full in his sight,
She rode in a carriage, that hight a birch-broom,
And her breath breath'd the whifflings of gin through the room.

I ask'd thee, she cry'd, in a hoarse, hollow voice,
For six-pence, thou gav'st not, while yet in thy choice;
For punishments dread, then, pretender, prepare,
Which e'en to repentance I now cannot spare.

Know that she, who so lately sustain'd thy abuse,
Is thy mother! Oh shame! and my name Mother Goose.
To a German romancer, thee, dreaming, I bore,
And we both dipp'd thee deep in the tale-telling lore.

Too soon thou out-didst all my wonders of old,
And instead of my stories, thy nonsense was told.
With nurses and children I lost my high place,
And from Newbery's shop I was turn'd in disgrace.

Depriv'd of a corner, to hide my old head,
I wander'd about, and I begg'd for my bread;
When thou too, my child, to complete my despair,
Refus'd thy own spoils, with thy mother to share.

But vain are thy hopes, to supplant me on earth;
For know that immortal I am in my birth;
Can defeat all thy arts by a magical spell,
And all thy productions on paper dispel.

Ye ghosts, and hobgoblins, and terrible shapes;
Ye lions, and wolves, and ye griffins, and apes;
Ye strange jumbled figures from river or fen;
Ye fire-born monsters, and fishified men;

Ye raw-heads, and bloody bones, spectres, and shades,
And water-sprite swains, and transmogrified maids,
As your grandmother's curses on each of you fall,
To hell and the devil, fly one, and fly all.

Then the ghosts, and hobgoblins and terrible shapes,
The lions, and wolves, and the griffins, and apes,
The strange jumbled figures from river or fen,
The fire-born monsters and fishified men;

The raw-heads and bloody bones, spectres and shades,
And water-sprite swains, and transmogrified maids,
When they heard the Goose curses on each of them fall,
To hell and the devil fled one, and fled all.

Fled in fire and in water, in smoke and in hail,
Some green and some red, some black and some pale;
Fled in accents of horror, of spirits and wit,
Tralira, Tralira, or Fal de rol tit.

While so fast all away, Matty's progeny flew,
Mother Goose summon'd up her original crew;
Who, with loud peals of laughter, and sallies of fun,
Quiz'd, pinch'd, and tormented her reprobate son.

A knight led them on, who was first to assail,
He was arm'd cap-a-pee, in a clear coat of mail:
Sir Horn-book hight he....at the very first glance,
Mat saw he was lord o'er the field of Romance.

When little Red-riding-hood's wolf prowl'd amain,
Fear shook all his limbs, and he trembled amain:
But the horror he suff[illegible] can ne'er be surpass'd,
When little Cock-Robin's sad funeral pass'd.

As Blue-beard for blood loudly howl'd o'er his wife,
And Sister Ann pleaded so well for her life;
Mat's favourite spectre he saw dance in air,
And he gave up his spirit a prey to despair.

To his parent he bow'd, and now penitent grown,
Cry'd, "thy strength and my emptv pretensions I own;
In vain were my hopes to supplant thee on earth;
And immortal, O mother, thou art from thy birth.

As now you behold me, in penitence sunk,
Take all my romances, nay take too my Monk;
But leave me, since thus I acknowledge my crime,
My epilogues, sonnets, and lady-like rhyme."

Mother Goose, as her son was in penitence sunk.
Only took his romances....she took too, his Monk,
And left him, in pity, to trifle his time
In epilogues, sonnets, and lady-like rhyme.

If you wish me the moral, dear Mat, to rehearse,
'Tis, that nonsense is nonsense, in prose or in verse.
That the man, who to talent makes any pretence,
Must write not at all, or must write common sense.

—

The wisest men abroad, at a very early epoch of the execrable French revolution, were fully agreed in detesting the wickedness, and despising the folly, which gave it birth. LORD MANSFIELD and LORD CAMDEN saw clearly the shameful issue of a long *exploded* experiment; and so early as the year 1791, my lord Orford, the celebrated Horace Walpole, thus accurately, with the precision of Edmund Burke, foretels the fall of a herd of miserable projectors.

"Marvellous, indeed, would it be, if a set of military noble *lads*, pedantic academicians, curates of villages, and country advocates, could, in two years, amid the utmost confusion and altercation among themselves, dictated to, and thwarted, by obstinate clubs of various factions, have achieved what the wisdom of all ages and nations have never been able to compose....a system of government, that would set four and twenty millions of people free, and contain them within any bounds. This too, without one great man among them. There will soon be an end of their *vision* of *liberty*. A *little* nation might be more successful, for it can be upon its guard. Millions cannot be so, because the greater the number of men, that are one people, the more vices, the more abuses there are, that will either require or furnish pretexts for restraints, and if Vices be the mother of Laws, the exception of laws is the father of Powers. Of such parents, one knows the progeny."

—

The poet Cowper appears to me, to be really inspired. His piety is so ardent, and his holy aspirations are so religiously sublimed, I call him the modern ISAIAH.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

CHAPTER VIII.

The English interest, and the English party, will cease to be predominant in proportion as the commercial interest will decline.

So long as the legislation shall continue to be inspired by a trading spirit, England must always have a strong, indeed the strongest, party at her orders. This properly needs no [illegible]. For whence come most of the manufactured goods which America imports?—From England. What foreign merchants, give the Americans the most and the longest credit?—The English. Upon what foreign country therefore, are most of the American merchants entirely dependent? upon England—I believe there needs here, no comment of mine.

The superiority of the English party, over the opposite, or French party, is proved not only by the transactions relative to the commercial treaty with England, but by the last election of a president. Mr. Adams is a zealous friend of England, and was elected to that office. According to the latest accounts, Mr. Jefferson, was indeed elected as vice president, though he is considered as the head of the French party; but this proves not that the two parties balance each other: the office of vice president being altogether unimportant. The vice president performs the functions of speaker of the senate, and has no vote there, excepting when there is an equal division, he gives the casting vote. Now as this happens not often, he can seldom have occasion to decide any thing, and the ruling party in

the senate, can do what they please, notwithstanding the vice-president.

The party opposed to the English, rules indeed, in the state of Virginia, and to this state, Mr. Jefferson is indebted for his election as vice-president. The causes of this animosity against England, which is by no means disinterested, I have already mentioned—In general it is not affection, which attaches the English-minded Americans to England, as to a mother country, but interest; for egotists love nothing but themselves. When their interest appeared to require it, they severed themselves from the mother country, and associated with her bitterest enemies; and when interest seemed again to dictate, they parted from their new allies, and associated again with England. The politics of a merchant are always machiavelian.

That this influence of England will be weakened, in proportion as the external commerce shall decline is self-evident, and needs no further proof. By this emancipation from the commercial yoke of England, America will acquire her first real independence.

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CHAPTER IX.

After the decisive victory of the English party, neither a dissolution of the union, nor any considerable internal war is probable.

The victory of the English party is decided by the election of Mr. Adams as president. The choice of a president, after Washington's retirement brought on the greatest danger of a dissolution of the union; that is of a separation of the states south of the river Potowmack, from those to the northward. America never witnessed a more dangerous crisis. Had the parties been equal, a separation would have ensued. A civil war, was not indeed so certain—For the characteristic indolence of the Americans, would perhaps have prevented them from taking up arms, to wage war against the severed part, especially if it had been considerable. But as Mr. Adams has been chosen president, and we have not heard of any commotions in consequence of that event, it proves that even in Virginia, the state, most inclined towards the French, the number of English partizans, is by no means inconsiderable.

But the idea of a separation is indeed so mad, that it cannot be supposed the Americans would admit it, however little credit they may in other respects deserve for patriotism. For a complete annihilation of the whole nation, and a return to subjection under the yoke of Europeans, would be its inevitable consequence. Even the most raging party spirit cannot blind them to that degree. In case of such a laceration of the public body, one part would be compelled to submit to France, and the other to England, and both these European powers would make America the theatre of their warfare.

By this superiority of the English party which is secured, I believe the tranquillity will be maintained; some transient riotous commotions may perhaps arise, but I do not hold a civil war to be probable. This ascendancy of the English party, together with the overbearing influence of merchants, will as I have already shewn very gradually disappear by the colonization of Africa, and by the population of the western territories.

The western states, which at present are only Kentucky and Tennessee, cannot yet think of a separation from their eastern sisters; being yet so small in their numbers. But at a future period, either the eastern states must yield to the overpowering influence of those at the westward, or a separation will ensue—In this case, and in that of a war between the two, the atlantic states are in danger of being conquered by those of the west. For their long and small territory, between the sea and the mountains, cannot well be defended against those, who, protected by the mountains, might collect behind them a considerable force upon various points, from which they might break through the defensive line of the atlantic states. Besides which, the western states will far surpass the others in population; and as their territory is more rounded they can concentrate, and keep concentrated their military force, more easily and more speedily, than the eastern states in their long and small territory; because their lines of operations will be shorter, although their basis be of equal strength, which, with a mode of warfare, wherein arms decide, must be followed by victory.

For this reason I am convinced that in case of a coalition between England and France, to divide North America between them, England can never allow that France should take the lands westward of the Allegany mountain. It was on account of this country that the war of 1755 arose; and by the conquest of Pittsburg, England obtained possession of it. The whole country between the Missisippi, and the Allegany mountain must fall into the hands of whoever possesses Pittsburg. This post is of the utmost importance.

I have spoken of such a coalition only as of a possible case, to shew in what a dangerous situation, the Americans have brought themselves, by their want of military energy; and by their total neglect of all national defence. Such a coalition is however subject to very great difficulties. I doubt therefore, whether it will ever take place, and believe that the constitution will continue in its present aristocratic form, which will not be rendered democratic, until the commercial interest shall have lost its preponderance.

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CHAPTER X.

After the peace which shall terminate the present war, a commercial revolution must take place in America....Conclusion.

"The prosperity of North America, is firmly grounded," say superficial observers, when they see, in Philadelphia and New-York, &c. handsome houses, handsome furniture, handsome clothes, great quantities of goods, and merchants riding about in handsome coaches, drawn by fat horses.... These talkers about stability, who thus decree in a single sentence the immovable prosperity of America, would perhaps involve themselves in confused phrases, if they were asked wherein the prosperity of a nation properly consists? I maintain on the contrary that this apparent prosperity, grounded upon accidental circumstances, will meet with a powerful shock at the peace.

The whole carrying trade of West-India produce, such as coffee, sugar, &c. will indeed then be lost for America. This carrying trade has chiefly contributed to raise their navigation to its present pitch. The West-India islands will either be declared independent, or every European power will keep its colonies. In either case, the Americans will lose the carrying trade—For, in the first the Europeans will carry this produce in their own vessels, because the Americans, whose sailors receive higher wages than all others, will certainly not be able to carry them so cheap in theirs. In the second, they will not be allowed by the powers holding West-India possessions, to carry West-India produce in their ships to Europe.

They will therefore be confined entirely to their own productions. Of these, they may indeed continue to sell rice, tobacco, indigo and wood, in Europe, but not in sufficient quantity, to pay for the manufactured goods which they purchase in Europe, especially in England. How many speculators in flour will be ruined, when compelled to sell their dearly purchased flour at half price? For, after the peace, Europe will have no further need of their flour and corn; and the West-Indies will need less of those articles, when there shall be no armies or fleets there to feed.

Owing to all these circumstances therefore, money will by no means flow to America so abundantly as it has done, for the last two years; and it will flow outwards as much as ever, owing to the excessive luxury which being once introduced has grown habitual. There will therefore be very soon no specie left, and then the paper of the merchants, bills, notes, &c. as well as that of the banks will very rapidly depreciate in value. Bankruptcies in a mass will succeed one another with astonishing rapidity; and paper of course, cease to be of any value at all.

The ships which are now at such an enormous price, will be offered for sale for a trifle, and lands will sink extremely low. The bankruptcy of the land-speculators is easy to foresee, and none but the industrious farmers and tradesmen, will escape being dragged into this vortex of general bankruptcy, though the universal want of specie, will bear hard even upon them.

Hence it follows that European merchants should be very cautious how they form commercial connections in America, on account of this critical period which is approaching. It likewise follows that those who have established commercial houses in America, would do well to draw their capital in time out of the American trade, and employ it elsewhere.

This commercial convulsion, which must be followed by the overthrow of the chimerical paper system, will be a good lesson for the Americans. Perhaps it will make them wiser and better in future; perhaps it will be so radical that the decline of the trading influence, towards which I have alleged above two other sources, may be dated from the period of this crisis.

The result of this inquiry concerning the future destiny of the North-American republic is, that it will probably not grow so rapidly, as contrary to the nature of things some writers have maintained; that in a military point of view it will never be formidable, especially for Europe; that its boundaries will never be extended from sea to sea. Further that the emigration of Europeans to that republic, may probably in future decline, and that the commerce with Europe will also be greatly diminished. Finally, that the trading policy will by the population of the western territory cease to preponderate; that the influence of England will decline with the trading policy, although for the present it appears to be firmly established; and that America will at the next peace, between France, England and Spain experience a commercial convulsion.

(To be continued.)

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH.

BEFORE LORD KENYON, AND A SPECIAL JURY.

Darby and Nicholls, v. *Cowdery.*

The subject of this contention was a WARM one: it was an action, brought by the plaintiffs, who resided at Bath, and were patentees of what they called a new-invented mode of making portable ovens, against the defendant, also of that city, to recover damages, for having infringed on their patent.

Mr. Erskine opened the cause, by extolling the merit of this marvellous invention, which, had it gone a step farther, and baked the bread without fire, would, certainly, have reached the very *achme* of perfection. True it was, that nothing, under the sun, could be said to be entirely new—the powers of mechanism, the properties of the elements, the application of them, either to assist human labour, or promote the comforts and conveniencies of life, had been fully understood for centuries—it was, therefore, only by the adaption and combination of those powers and properties different from [illegible] previous application, that an ingenious artist

claim to have the exclusive right of making and vending the object of his discovery for his own profit, secured to him by a patent. Of such a nature was the invention in question; it was framed on a construction so portable, that a man, contemplating a long journey, might whip the oven under his arm, metamorphose himself into a walking baker's shop, and, whether traversing the immeasurable ocean, or, the wide extended desert, could, without the aid of magic, at any time, command the appearance of a well baked quartern loaf—it was an article, in itself, not only elegant, but classical—it was framed upon a tripod, similar to the footstool of Jove, or the seat of the Sybilline Oracle—its peculiar construction was such, that the circumambient air corrected the ardour of the promethean element, and produced a species of bread of a flavour so divine, that it resembled ambrosia or manna. The defendant, jealous of the merit of so extraordinary an invention, had pirated it, and, thereby, defrauded the plaintiffs of those immense profits which they had a reasonable right to have expected from the liberality and gratitude of the public.

The first witness produced, was the wonderful oven itself; it did not bear any external or internal evidence of those mighty properties ascribed to it.

The Attorney-General cross-examined it, and pretty clearly shewed that it was not the first of its family, but a collateral ramification of one which has, for years, been well known in every county of England, but particularly in the North.

Lord Kenyon thought that the philosophical principles of this self-baking oven, were equally inherent in the constitution of a chafing-dish.

The celestial tripod proved to be nothing more nor less than a three-legged trivet, common in every hut in the kingdom; and, as to the oven, it appeared that a grate and fire were necessary to be placed under it; two things certainly not of the most convenient portability.

The learned Counsel, nothing dismayed by the sorry exhibition of his first witness, proceeded to call those who were enabled to give oral testimony of the excellencies of the miraculous oven.

The witnesses described it in terms no less glowing than those adopted by the Learned Advocate. From their account it would have appeared that the inventor was intitled to little less celebrity than the inventor of the steam engine. The specification was also produced, and, in the most high-flown and lexiphanic language, described the oven as equally adapted for use by sea or by land, above ground, or under ground, on oceans, or on rivers, in gulphs, or in bays, on mountains, or in valleys, in forests, or in groves, in uplands and lowlands, hills, or dales, &c. &c. and so on in a style of hyperbole, exceeding the most flowery and metaphorical descriptions of any of our most florid modern auctioneers.

Unfortunately for the invention, and for the witnesses, and those on whose part they gave their testimony, the Attorney-General, having patiently listened for some time, produced an old Magazine of the year 1761, from which, it appeared, the terms of the specification had been copied verbatim. He convinced the Jury that the principle of the supposed invention was as well known as the article which it baked.

Lord Kenyon observed, that the action was truly ridiculous: and

Mr. Erskine, when he found himself too hard pushed to contest the point any longer, seemed, with the greatest good humour, tacitly to confess, that, in the country, on which he reflects no less honour than he derives from it, this sort of ovens had, from time immemorial, been used to bake the oaten cakes which have nurtured the infant stomachs of some of the greatest geniuses Great Britain can boast.

Mr. Garrow, who was one of the Counsel with the Attorney-General, remarked, that patents were now a days granted for the most childish and absurd inventions. It was but the preceding evening, he had called upon his learned friend, and had found him deeply engaged in persuading a man, as foolish as the present plaintiffs, not to apply for a patent, for a new-invented implement, of domestic utility, which it was unnecessary to name.

The plaintiffs were nonsuited.

LEVITY.

" These delights, if thou canst give
Fun, with thee I wish to live."

In every grave and metaphysical essay, which I have ever perused, on wit and ludicrous composition, all the tribe of reasoners, from JOHN LOCKE, to Dr. Beattie and Dr. Campbell, seem in the main to agree, that wit lies in putting ideas together, wherein can be found any *resemblance* or *congruity*. A more modern metaphysician, acutely adds, by way of comment, that the resemblance must be pointed out between things, usually esteemed the *most discordant*, and which contemplated separately, would lead the mind into the most opposite trains of thinking: for the quick transition of thought is what causes your merriment. Whatever may be thought of the solidity, or the ingenuity of the above theories, the following article from a foreign miscellany, provokes a smile, in despite of its violation of all rules, and even of common sense.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

At the world's end, the Essex side of Gravesend.

To be sold by auction, by W. Neversell;

On Monday the 32d instant, the sale to begin at ten o'clock, in the afternoon.

Lot 1. A copper cart saddle, a leather handsaw, two woolen frying-pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot 2. Three pair of pea straw breeches. A china quart cart, and two glass bedsteads, with copper hangings.

Lot 3. One deal coal grate, with paper smoke jack; a mahogany poker, and a pair of gauze bellows.

Lot 4. One leather tea-kettle; an iron feather bed, six pair of brass boots, and a steel night cap.

Also, one pewter waistcoat, and three flint wigs, a bell metal sieve, and a calimanco hog trough, a buckskin warming pan, and a pewter looking glass, a japan beetle, and a leather wedge, three silk hog yokes, and a pinch beck swill tub; four sheep skin milk pails, and a wheat straw trammel, a lambskin grindston, and a muslin hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding bags, and a canvas gridiron, a dimity coal scuttle, and three sattin chamber pots, a wooden timber chain, and a brass cart rope.

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The subsequent *chirping* account of a chirping club, has been lately addressed to the editor of a London Miscellany.

I take the liberty to send you a description of a club, called the Aviary, of which I have the honour to be president.

None but *birds* are admitted members of our society, and though we seldom meet till after sunset, some of us are always in *full song*, and seldom go to *roost* before midnight. Wishing to make our club respectable for its numbers, as well as for their respective talents, I shall think myself under considerable obligations to you, if you will admit this short epistle in your amusing miscellany.

Our present members are Edward Eagle, Henry Hawk, Sam Swan, John Kite, Henry Heron, Geoffry Goose, Daniel Duck, Tobias Turkey, Roger Raven, Richard Rook, Simon Swift, Matthew Martin, Samuel Swallow, Christopher Crow, Peter Parrot, Patrick Partridge, George Grouse, Wm. Woodcock, William Wren, Nat Nightingale, Dennis Dove, Jonathan Jay, Sam Sparrow and Oliver Owl.

You will perceive, sir, that our society is capable of great increase, but we are very circumspect in the admission of our members. One Thomas *Bat* had the audacity to claim a place among us, but we rejected him, though he has wings, he is not to be ranked among the feathered tribe.

We spend our evenings in great *harmony*, notwithstanding we have some few *dissonant voices* among us, but Mess. Raven, Rook, &c. are never permitted to open their *beaks*, but in a chorus.

Mr. David *Daw* was a member, till he was unanimously expelled for insulting the whole club, by moving to have our place of assembling, called a *cage*. Birds were ever lovers of liberty; then what did he deserve, who could presume to start such an humiliating idea, in such an august society. Had he not *hopped off*, and immediately taken flight, I should have doubted of his personal safety, as every member would have *pecked* at him.

I am sorry you are not one of us, that we might hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company; but if any person should *feather your nest*, and make a bird of you by act of parliament, we shall be happy to furnish you with a *perch*.

I am, Sir, Yours,
EDWARD EAGLE.

—

JACK AT THE OPERA, BY MR. DIBDIN.

" And, ever against eating cares,
Sing me one of Dibdin's airs,
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes with many a jolly bout
In Comus' conclave oft roar'd out."

At Wapping I landed and call'd to hail Mog:
She had just shap'd her course to the play,
Of *two rums* and *one water* I ordered my grog,
And, to speak her soon stood under way.
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook
Like a lubber so raw and so soft,
Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the ratlins and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
I thought ther'd been somebody hurt:
But the devil a bit 'twas your outlandish rips,
Singing out with their lanthorns of jaws;
You'd have sworn you'd been taking of one of the trips
'Mong the Caffrees, or wild Catabaws.

What's the play, ma'am, said I, to a good natur'd tit,
The play! " 'tis the *Uproar*, you quiz,"
My timbers, cry'd I, the right name on't you've hit;
For the devil's own uproar it is.
For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft,
If it wan't for the petticoat geer,
With their squeaking so shrilly, so tender, so soft,
One should scarcely know ma'am from mo-sieur.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell
All springing and bounding so neat,
And also a languishing madam a selle,
O she daintily handled her feet.
But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun round so queer,
'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me.
And so I sung out, pray be decent, my dear,
Consider I'm just come from sea.
'Tan't an Englishman's taste, to have none of these goes;
So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
Leaving all your fine Bantum's and ma'am Parisots,
For OLD BILLY SHAKESPEARE and Mog.
So I made the playhouse, and hailed my dear spouse,
She smil'd, as she saw me approach,
And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows,
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

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EVENING, A SIMILE, BY DR. D.....

The sun has just set, and now evening comes on,
Like a widow, who mourns, when her husband is gone;
But her weeds are put on, with so charming a grace
And the crescent-like moon so enlightens her face,
Her cheeks are suffus'd with such delicate red,
And her twinkling eyes keep such a stir in her head;
She is still like a widow, both kind and forgiving,
Who can live for the dead, and yet die for the living.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Previously to the arrival of the Message, delivered on the 15th December, by the President of the United States, to both houses of Congress, and its publication in the newspapers, public curiosity was active to anticipate its probable purport, and we are not a little surprized to discover, such strong symptoms of universal apathy, since the public are possessed of its contents. This indifference must, necessarily, be attributed to general disappointment, for the message, instead of an exposition of "the state of the Union," which the Constitution enjoins upon the President, as a duty, to make "from time to time," is found to be nothing but a beggarly emaciated skeleton, which leaves the councils of the nation still hungry for information. The most prominent features of the message are retrospective; they dwell, with strong expression, on the past, while scarce a glance is made at the future deliberations of our national legislature.

"Another year has come around," says the message, "and finds us still blessed with *peace* and *friendship abroad*, Law, Order, and *Religion* at home, good affection and harmony, with our Indian neighbours, and *burdens lightened;* yet our income sufficient for the public wants, and, the produce of the year, great, beyond example."

The first part of this information, *is not true*, (respect for the *office* of President, alone, restrains the averment that *it is false.*) The United States are not "blessed with peace and friendship abroad," if they are, under what authority, and, for what purpose, is a squadron of frigates, still "watching strictly the harbor of Tripoli?" If a peace has been brought about with the Regency of Tripoli, during the last year, why has it not been, officially, announced? Perhaps the assertion, in the message, that we are "blessed with peace and friendship abroad," is intended as a proclamation of peace, with all the Barbary states, and, we may reasonably expect, that our naval squadron will, shortly, be recalled from the Mediterranean. This is the only salvo for the President's veracity.

We are, likewise, blessed with law, order, and, religion *at home*, good affection and harmony with our Indian neighbours, and burdens lightened. This is "the state of the union," and who is there in the country that did not know all this, before the message appeared? On Thursday, the day before the message arrived, the weather was intensely cold, in Philadelphia. There is far more novelty, in this information, than in that which the President "judged necessary and expedient," to lay before Congress. Of the introductory paragraphs, in the message, some are erroneous in the facts they disclose; the rest are totally unimportant.

The splendid tale of "burdens lightened," and unexampled resources to supply "the public wants," so triumphantly announced, without any reference to the *altered circumstances of the country*, was intended as an invidious comparison between the measures of the present, and the past administration. If dignity of thought, or magnanimity of conduct, were at all characteristic of the chief magistrate of the United States, he would disdain to draw, from such sources, any portion of praise, or commendation. Who presided in the executive council of the nation, when "burdens" were heavier than they are now? Was it not Mr. Jefferson? Who now insinuates, that the "direct tax, internal taxes, and the borrowing of money," which were measures of the past administration, were unnecessary burdens, imposed by a spend-thrift legislature, to meet "false objects of expense"? Is it not Mr. Jefferson? What does he mean by "*substituting economy for taxation*," unless it be what the words import, the placing *economy*, as the present order of the day, in the room of *taxation*, which was the order under the past administration? In the same spirit of foul injustice, he proceeds, "And *whensoever* we are destined to meet events, which shall call forth all the energies of our countrymen, we have the firmest reliance on those energies, and the comfort of having, for calls like these, the extraordinary resources of loans and internal taxes." The inference from which is, that "calls like these" did not exist, when the late administration had recourse to the extraordinary resources of loans, and internal taxes. When the present men in power shall have *organized a government;* when they shall have saved the national credit, *by funding the public debt;* when they shall have successfully terminated an *Indian war*, and negociated a general peace, with the *Barbary States*, and redeemed our captive countrymen from bondage; when they shall have proclaimed, and, perseveringly maintained, a *system of neutrality*, towards the belligerent powers of Europe, in spite of multiplied aggressions, robberies, and insults from the contending nations; ultimately effecting, by negociation, an advantageous pacification for our country; when *two domestic rebellions* shall have been quelled, without bloodshed, and, without revengeful executions of *convicted traitors*, then, if Mr. Jefferson, and his *foreign financier*, can boast of millions paid, and millions in the treasury, shall it be said, by our delighted fellow-citizens, your predecessors *did well*, but *you* have *done better*.

—

PURITY OF ELECTION.

At a certain borough, in the late election, the Candidate came, in his own carriage, with the usual complement of servants, to fetch a cobler to vote. In return, the cobler insisted upon the gentleman following him on horseback, as he would have the carriage to himself.—Mungo, in the Padlock, says, "*Get you down, you dam hampee: You ride me vonce, now I ride you!*" [*London paper.*

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A globe, surmounted with a cross, formerly stood on the dome of the church at Brussels, which afterwards served for the *Temple of Reason*, in that city, during revolutionary times; an enormous cap of liberty, which had been substituted for the cross, when the church was consecrated to the new divinity, was lately compelled to resign its place to the ancient proprietor, amidst the applauses of an immense concourse.

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After the perusal of that passage, in the "Notes on Virginia," which in so *savoury* a stile, describes the secretions of an African; and after Callender's instructive narrative of black and white love, one cannot help exclaiming with Shakespeare's King Lear, "Give me an ounce of *civet*, good apothecary, to *sweeten* my imagination."

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A mere "man of gingerbread," one *Lyon*, but not very ferocious, or magnanimous, and, in short a very harmless *creature*, conducts at the City of Washington, a strange something, which he and his jacobin supporters imagine is a newspaper, and which he merrily calls, The *Literary Advertiser*. The various forms of composition have long since been enumerated, and classed by the critics, but it would puzzle the most methodical of the Burmans and the Bentleys, to arrange such a *non descript*, as a gazette, whose *vacant* page is perfectly pure, both of advertisements and literature. But, passing from the consideration of the foolish title of this *Leonine* paper, let us, for a moment, advert to its stile. In a vapouring paragraph concerning the President's benevolence and easiness of access, and *condescension* to men of *low estate* and *republican simplicity*, and other comical circumstances, our *Literary Advertiser* avers, that Mr. Jefferson finds time to be at home to every body, because "his barber *shaves him systematically*, at sunrise. This barber must be a most sage and philosophic operator, a direct descendent, we presume, from the barber of Bagdad, or from the immortalized Partridge, and worthy of the degree of *Doctissimus Tonsor*. A barber, who shaves *systematically* is eminently intitled to his *philosophic* customer. Such a shaver can never gash the cheek, or *guillotine* a pimple; and a chin, reaped according to *system*, must be smooth indeed. But the truth is, that the President's barber has no more *system*, than the rest of his fraternity. I speak this the more willingly, lest the envy and jealousy of the shaving and dressing tribe, should be excited. The above literary good man, I should say *Lion*, meant to say that it was a part of the President's system to be shaved at sunrise. This is clear and definite; and it does not produce a single stare of astonishment at the portentous figure of a barber, *by system*, or a systematizing barber. But this is *English*, and intelligible common sense, and, therefore, a jacobin, will take care how he meddles with it by *virtue of his office*. A retainer to the new doctrines in politics and philosophy will revolutionize language as well as laws, and overthrow established expressions, as willingly as established empire. Of these desperate and foolish innovators, from our *French* President, *down* to the most stupid of his printers, *down* to *Logwood* Cheetham, and to dunderheaded Duane, not an individual, but, renounces the purity of the English tongue, for the sake of some meretricious phrase of Gallic growth. For ourselves we will not forget, or wantonly debase the language of our forefathers. The stile of Swift, of Addison, of Johnson and of Burke, is very precious in our sight. When Notes on Virginia, Messages, and bundles of the Aurora shall have all passed with equal justice

In vicum, vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper et quicquid *chartis* amictur *ineptis*.

Good sense and chaste expression will be studied with perennial pleasure.

—

A gentleman observed, a few evenings since, in a company, that the politics of Europe might be compared to the four common rules of arithmetic. *Addition* had got into France, *Subtraction* into Italy, *Multiplication* into England, and *Division* into Germany. [*London paper.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

You are a little out of humour with philosophy, because her name has been shamefully abused. You might as well renounce religion or liberty, if that were a sufficient reason. But the sound argument is from the abuse of a good thing to its utility, to its *excellence*....not to its uselessness. Liberty, religion and philosophy are, and must ever remain the blessings and ornaments of life, however they may sometimes get ill-sorted.

The ensuing extract, from one of the severest of satires, presents a very striking picture of the *liberal* economy of the Federal, and the abject avarice of a jacobin administration. The former surveyed the whole horizon of national honour, the latter pitifully creeps along, like the mole, "*nuzzling* and *burying* himself in his mother earth."

With belly round, and open face,
Which on the state reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
Our steward, Hospitality,
Old Welcome smiling by his side,
A good old servant, often try'd.
And faithful found, who kept in view
The state's fame, and its interest too;
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run the state aground,
Was turn'd off, or, which word I find,
Is, more in modern use, resign'd.

Half starved, half starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Detested, and detesting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boasting great shifts, yet wasting more
Than ever steward did before.
Succeeded one, who, to engage
The praise of a deluded age,
Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself Economy,
Ignobly trudging all about,
To see each candle safely out,
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean Avarice, *creeping* at his heels.

TO PATRONS.

Our friends are notified that the third volume of the Port Folio, will be conducted with augmented vigour, and the Editor will omit no practicable exertion to exhibit the useful and the brilliant. From a variety of sinister circumstances, which it would be impertinent to detail to the public, but which were wholly without our controul, this paper has been grievously checked in its progress. It has disappointed the most reasonable expectation; it has *deferred the hope* of the Editor; it has shocked punctuality; and has often forfeited the favour, even of the most benignant. For an evil so disgraceful to reputation, and so ruinous to interest, it has been our care to provide a remedy.

Engaged in a task of singular delicacy, and of constant toil, the Editor *dares not* promise that this paper shall always please; and he is the more diffident of the future, when, with unaffected modesty, and with genuine self-abasement, he reflects upon the negligencies and the imperfections of the past. His cautious abstinence from a rash vow to the public, is augmented, when he considers the uncertainty of the morrow, and the fragility of his health. To a man of letters, striving for the approbation of the good and wise, no obstacles are more formidable, than that inequality of spirits, and that valetudinary habit, which are, alas! the concomitants and the curse of a studious life. When Labour has spread the canvas, and Fancy, with her brightest colours, has drawn the boldest outline, Sickness with her Lassitude, and Melancholy with her Phantoms will sometimes rush in, and deface the Picture.

The specious splendour of promise too often dazzles, with a false lustre, not only him, who credulously believes, but him, who rashly stipulates. The Editor, therefore, shuns a florid description of his hopes, and concisely states his resolution to *persevere* in well intended *efforts* to diffuse the radiance of MORAL, POLITICAL, and LITERARY TRUTH. May he be permitted to add, that neither health impaired, nor spirits saddened; neither the wild uproar of malignant Jacobinism, nor the rude clash of conflicting factions, shall induce him to *faulter* in the path of his public duty. In these discordant days, when many of the best and wisest men disagree, concerning the most essential truths, it were equally presumptuous and vain to expect that any public paper could be perused with universal complacency. *In many things, we offend all*, was the frank confession of a learned apostle, who thoroughly understood the condition of humanity. The Editor, even if like a fool and a dastard, he strove to ape the Vicar of Bray, and with the pliancy of a reptile, and a *creeping thing*, to turn and wind, according to every flexure of his path, could not produce a wider benevolence, nor would his paper gain an ample approbation. To temporize, even with a Titus Pomponius Atticus is weak; and to apostatize, with many a modern patriot, is criminal. The Editor must have permission, to decide for himself, what mode may be most expedient to inform, or amuse the public. If he sometimes trespass upon the ground of any *sect*, or in the freehold of any peculiar opinion, he solemnly assures his readers, that he never means, wantonly, to afflict any worthy bosom, or unsettle any sober head. At a time, when liberty is a good deal talked of, perhaps he may be excused, if *he* catch something of the general indocility. It might not be surprising if he *lengthened his chain a link or two*, and, in an age of relaxed discipline*, gave a trifling indulgence to his own notions.

In POLITICS, it is expected by all, who indulgently peruse this paper, and who know the character of its conductor, that he will be stedfast, frank, and decided†; contemptuously careless of vulgar popularity, but anxiously ambitious of a nobler approbation. With a just respect for public opinion, he claims and asserts a liberal independence of sentiment, and the right of public speech, with decent freedom. In the palpable darkness of the most gloomy time, he will *struggle* to proceed *straight forward*, by the sober light of that fixed star, EXPERIENCE, and suffer not a *step* to be misled by the glaring flambeau of the *new* philosophy.

In LITERATURE, it is the constant aim of the Editor to nurture, with fervent kindness, every ORIGINAL production of merit IN HIS OWN COUNTRY; to foster genius; to awaken art; to incite to the study of the ancients, and to emulate their model; to exhibit examples of pure and undefiled English; to discourage the Gallic idiom; and to guard carefully against that disgusting innovation, which would degrade the language of literature to the carelessness of Provincial dialect, and colloquial barbarism.

It only remains to add, that all, who are inclined to support this paper, may rely upon its appearance, with periodical precision. It shall be punctually sent, on an early day, to distant subscribers; and by anticipating the publication of a moiety of the copies, our friends, in most of the great towns in the United States may read it nearly as soon, as it is distributed in Philadelphia.

☞ Correspondents must address their lucubrations, and Subscribers their orders to "The Editor of the Port Folio, No. 25, north Second-street, Philadelphia." Gentlemen, either willing, or weary in the support of this paper, will please to apprize the Editor of their intentions, as soon as possible.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are pleased with the interesting traits of character, developed by W. in his last letter. Nothing is more admirable, nothing more splendid, nothing more useful, than such an union of grace and strength.

Keen without show, with modest learning sly,
The subtle comment speaking in his eye;
Of manners polish'd, yet of stubborn soul,
Which hope allures not, nor which fears controul.

"A Laugher at an impotent administration" utters many a witticism at the unwarlike posture of our American affairs. He thinks, that while we are bawling aloud to the universe, how full of magnanimity and resources we are, that we should have a little spirit, and a few guns, forts, and soldiers, in order to keep the *Bobadil* assertion in countenance. But what signify national glory and courage? What are arms and arts? Mr. Dallas assures us, we are highly respected abroad; and at home, have we not a war secretary,

"With gorgets, scaffolds, breaches, ditches, mines,
With culverins, whole and demi, and gabines;
With trench, with counterscarp, with esplanade,
With curtain, moat, with rombo, and chamade,
With polygon, epaulment, hedge and bank,
With angle, salient, and with angle, flank,
Oh thou shalt prove, should all thy schemes prevail,
An *Uncle Toby*, on a larger scale."

SCOTT of Amwell, the *Quaker* poet has always been esteemed by the Editor, for the fine qualities both of his head and heart. To rescue from oblivion a poem, not preserved in his works, is a pleasure, especially, when the merit of the "Ode to Hospitality," is adverted to.

An American gentleman, resident at Edinburgh, has favoured the Editor with several *original* poems, from the pen of the celebrated T. Campbell. The "Address to a lady, leaving Edinburgh," and the "Bard to his Candle," in our paper of the 25th of December, are exquisitely beautiful; and are likewise the ORIGINAL effusions of a Scotch scholar. Few things are more grateful to the Editor, than to maintain this literary intercourse, with the learned and polished capital of a shrewd and sensible nation, whose LIBERALLY INSTRUCTED metropolis has long been justly called, the seat of science, the *hot bed of genius*, and the darling of literature.

The stanzas, by "FREDERIC," must be admired not only by "her, who *best* understands them," but by all, who have a taste for that charming simplicity, with which a WORDSWORTH has taught us to believe, the most poetical ideas may be conveyed.

---

* Burke.

† At an early age, the attention of the editor fastened upon a liberal speech, pronounced by Earl MANSFIELD in the house of lords 1770, on the bill for the further preventing delays of justice, by reason of privilege of parliament. As the impression made on the editor's mind, by that admirable oration was deep and durable; as its sentiments, not less generous than just, have influenced and overruled his conduct; as he prides himself in acting according to the very *spirit* of the ensuing doctrine, he will quote it at length; and only add that, in language incomparably finer, than any we could employ, Earl MANSFIELD has virtually made the apology, spoken the genuine thoughts, and described the inflexible humour of the editor.

"I come now to speak upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been *particularly pointed at.*

"It has been said that I too am running the *race of popularity.* If by *popularity* be meant, that applause bestowed by *after ages* on good actions, I HAVE LONG BEEN STRUGGLING IN THAT RACE; to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine. But if that *mushroom* popularity be meant, that is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, the assertion is erroneous. There is not a *single action* of my life, where the *popularity of the times* ever had the *smallest influence on my determinations.* I thank God, I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct.... the dictates of *my own breast.* Those, who have forgone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to the *slavery* of every *popular impulse*, I sincerely pity. I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a *mob* for the trumpet of Fame. *Experience* might inform them, that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd, one day, have received their execrations, the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up, as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, when Truth has triumphed over Delusion, appeared upon the historian's page, the assassins of liberty. I forswear all ambition of present popularity, that echo of folly, and that shadow of renown."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESSED TO HER, WHO BEST UNDERSTANDS IT.

I saw a simple heedless child,
One fine May-morning roam,
In search of wild-flowers, in the wood,
To blossom, at his home.

As round he threw his eager eye,
It chanc'd the truant spied
A fresh-blown lily, waving by
A deep-green cedar's side.

The cedar waved its slender leaves,
Yet, miser-like, denied
To lend its odours to the gale,
That rustled by its side.

The lily whisper'd ev'ry breeze,
That sigh'd along the ground,
And, nodding, sued each passing wind
To waft its fragrance round.

The little wanton pluck'd the flower,
In haste but yet with care,
And bore it, smiling, to his home
That it might flourish there.

But yet its fragrance was so sweet,
As on his hand it lay,
That he could not persuade himself,
To plant the flower away.

He pressed it to his rosy lips,
He pressed it to his breast,
And now its lucious sweets were sipp'd,
Now fondly was caress'd.

But his warm lips were not sun-beams,
His breath was not the dew,
It died—for lilies, oft like man,
Pine for the spot, where first they grew.

Child! hadst thou known to treat with care,
With prudence use, thy prize,
In moderation, sip its sweets,
It yet should meet thine eyes.

Thou dost not dream what ceaseless joys
From self-denial flow,
Nor till *Experience* lesson thee
Poor child, thou may'st not know.

Know too, tho' over mem'ry's glass
The forms of pleasure glide,
They bring no joy—their smiles are frowns,
WHEN REPETITION IS DENIED.

FREDERICK.

—

PATIENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in the mournfulest mood,
On the wind shaken reeds, that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefather stood.

All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,
And travell'd by few is the grass cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To the hills, that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone, aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness, left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.

Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature it drew,
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart.

Though the wilds of enchantment all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
With the vanishing phantoms of care and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore—
Be strong, as the rock of the ocean, that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore.

Thro' the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate;
Ah, even the name I have worship'd in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again,
To bear is to conquer our fate.

—

TO ELIZA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While memory recals all thy charms to my sight,
And virtue and beauty are form'd to delight,
This bosom, (that would not for millions be free)
Shall glow, my Eliza, with fondness for thee.

Tho' fortune continue our love to oppose,
Tho' absence may cruelly add to my woes,
Yet while thro' my veins life's warm current flows,
This bosom (that would not for millions be free)
Shall glow, my Eliza, with fondness for thee.

A——o.

—

SONNET TO HOPE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

How oft hast thou to my deluded sight,
(Fondly deluded by thy guileful power)
Displayed the fleeting visions of delight,
And said, for me should bloom each springing flower!

How oft my heart, beneath sweet beauty's sway,
As rapt I gaz'd upon the maiden's charms,
Glowed with delight, when thou would'st, smiling, say
My paradise should be—Eliza's arms!

Alas how changed!—forlorn and sad I stray,
While fortune, *now*, the maid beloved denies;
And fell despair, companion of my way,
Tears all my breast with never ending sighs.
Ah! why should sighs thus burst? Why should my tears thus flow?
Or why bear I this life, which teems with endless woe?

A——o.

—

TO LOVE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

O Love! thou source of each delight,
Which mortal bosoms know,
What raptures live within thy sight!
From thee what transports flow!

And yet, too oft the potent dart,
From thee envenom'd flies;
Too often, from a tender heart,
The wretched lover dies.

Thus, with my Della's presence blest,
I feel an anxious care;
And, sighing, seek in vain for rest,
When absent from the fair.

Yet may my bosom ever know,
Thy dear, thy fond excess;
For him that does not feel thy woe,
Thou surely canst not bless.

O.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE TO HOSPITALITY, BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

[Not published in his works.]

Social power! ere while rever'd,
Where on Syria's palmy plain,
Where in polish'd Greece was heard
Many a muse's lofty strain;
Gentle Hospitality!
Patron of the festive day,
Deign t' accept the grateful lay
I devote to thee.

When fair truth and valour bold
Claim'd rude Albion for their own;
In those happy times of old,
To rude Albion thou wert known:
In the abbey's darksome cell,
In the rural-trophy'd hall,
Girt with moat and moss-grown wall,
Thou wert wont to dwell.

Huntsmen in the heat of day,
With the tedious chace o'ertoil'd,
Trav'llers doubtful of their way,
On the pathless forest wild,
Oft amid the verdant waste
Mark'd the distant rustic tow'r,
Sought the Castle's sheltering bow'r,
Shar'd the free repast.

'Midst the city's crowded street,
O'er the landscape glittering gay,
Stands the pompous modern seat,
But disdains to own thy sway;
There, instead of thee, reside,
Blithe of tongue, of aspect free,
False of heart, Civility,
Or unsocial Pride.

Yet, amid the lonely farms,
By fair fountain, vale, or hill,
Pleas'd with Nature's simple charms,
Oft 'tis thine to linger still:
Thus with woods and fields around,
Once in Lycon's rural dome
Where I met a second home,
Thou by me wert found.

Nor to haunts of Sylvan swains
Deem we thy resort confin'd;
Ev'n where splendid affluence reigns,
Thou wilt rule the gen'rous mind;
From where Thames' waters fall,
By fair ——'s pleasant groves,
Where my friend, my Cynthio roves,
Have I heard thy call.

Wheresoe'er be thy retreat,
Come, kind pow'r! and dwell with me;
Make my humble rural seat,
For the wise and virtuous free;
Nor amid the welcome train,
Modest Poverty exclude,
But observe that none intrude
Of the vicious or the vain.

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